

"Just Married" by Luddleston

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Summary:

Matt enters a contest and wins an all-inclusive honeymoon getaway for two. The only problem is: he isn't getting married.

But like, an extremely romantic tropical vacation featuring couple's massages, a giant tub shaped like a heart, and more roses than entirely necessary all over the bed can *totally* be a cool platonic thing to do with your best bro. Right? *Right?*

"Just Married"

Author's Note:

I've never written fake honeymoon before! It's very fun. Mostly because these boys are super dumb.

Matt had always been a naturally lucky person. He could win those games of chance at carnivals even though Pidge swore they were rigged, he always managed to get his name pulled if he entered some kind of random drawing, and he'd won free football tickets in the annual university raffle three out of the four years he was in undergrad.

That said, he'd developed a small addiction to entering dumb contests, whether it was putting his name in a hat at a concert to win a free t-shirt or entering himself into a prize drawing for a \$100 gift card to a place he didn't even shop at. That one, he hadn't minded losing.

So, he didn't think twice before entering himself and his best friend into a drawing for an all-inclusive honeymoon vacation they didn't need, because they weren't, you know, getting married.

Why was Matt somewhere he could enter himself into such a drawing, you ask?

It started with Matt realizing that he had a Fancy Meeting for his master's program with the higher-ups at the university. And Fancy Meetings required a dress code that was somewhat... more advanced than Matt's usual workwear. Which was, of course, a lab coat over an old band T-shirt, faded jeans that were fraying at the ends, and whatever sneakers he hadn't managed to wear a hole in. He needed business casual. And Matt's usual sense of fashion was a little more like college boy casual, or perhaps stoner formal, so he took Shiro with him. Shiro usually hung out in workout gear, because he worked at a gym and all, but he knew how to buy a dress shirt that actually fit, a skill Matt hadn't learned yet.

Matt was expecting to swing by the Gap and buy himself something presentable that was hopefully also on sale, get some greasy Chinese food and Starbucks, and maybe joke about dropping by Hot Topic to find Keith a birthday present. He wasn't expecting the overwhelming explosion of white and lace and floral arrangements all over the goddamn mall.

Turns out, their trip just so happened to coincide with the mall's annual bridal show.

It was the cake samples that got them. Then there was this table where they were giving away cute tote bags that said "JUST MARRIED," which Matt thought would make hilarious gift bags for their friends who were definitely not married. Then there were rubber ducks that looked like brides and grooms, which Matt *had* to take home. Then things kind of... spiraled.

They told a different story at each booth: Shiro's best friend was getting married and they were groomsmen who'd been roped into coming to this thing; Matt had been dating a girl since high school and she was dropping hints that she wanted him to propose, so Shiro took him to a wedding convention to inspire him; both of them had fiancées they managed to lose somewhere near the showcase of all the gowns. That one, Matt thought, hadn't been very convincing. Mostly because Shiro's face went bright red when Matt tried to insinuate that they weren't both super gay.

So, maybe Matt got swept up in it all. Maybe he entered the honeymoon drawing on a whim. Maybe he thought it'd be fun to win a tropical vacation. Maybe he was just really pissed off that the entry form had such fields as "bride's name" and "groom's name" and Matt wanted to see what would happen if he crossed out "bride" and wrote "OTHER GROOM" instead. Okay, it was mostly that last one.

He hadn't expected to hear the emcee shout his and Shiro's name into the mic as she announced the winners of the all-inclusive honeymoon package. He probably should have expected the emcee to absolutely butcher the pronunciation of Shiro's full first and last name. He really hadn't expected Shiro to agree to take the trip, but hey, a free tropical vacation is a free tropical vacation, right?

And he really, really had never expected to end up standing in the foyer of a honeymoon suite that was decked out for a newlywed couple with his best friend he was definitely not married to. His best friend he wasn't even dating. His best friend who had recently broken up with Adam. His best friend he'd had an enormous crush on since he was sixteen.

But it was fine. It was cool. Matt was going to swim with dolphins and see glowing caves and it was going to be fucking awesome and *holy shit, that bed*.

"Well, at least we won't have to worry about trying to squish into one bed," Shiro said. Because yeah. Matt was pretty sure they could both starfish out completely and not touch each other.

"It's like they thought, should we get a king size bed? Nah. That's too small."

Both of them were ignoring the fact that the bed was scattered with rose petals, in the same way that they'd ignored the receptionist telling them to enjoy their wedding night with a wink, and in the same way that they'd ignored the enormous, heart-shaped jacuzzi tub installed in the bathroom. Just a totally normal tropical vacation that two bros went on together, which did happen to include a couple's massage tomorrow.

Super chill.

"What does it even need to be so big for, anyway?" Shiro asked, setting his suitcase down somewhere one of them would probably trip over it later.

Matt set his suitcase in an equally inconvenient location. "It's for... activities," he said, with a wink he wished he hadn't used to punctuate his sentiment.

"What kind of—oh, right." Shiro cleared his throat and looked anywhere but the bed.

That was about when Matt unzipped his suitcase to grab some pajamas, and found out *someone* had put what looked like the contents of an industrial-

sized box of condoms on top of his clothes. Not to mention the bottle of lube, which was way more than a couple of people could use in the span of a week. It was accompanied by a note that simply read "ENJOY YOUR TRIP," followed by a cartoon drawing of Pidge's face grinning sneakily that served as a signature.

He would have just chuckled over the prank and shut his suitcase, but Shiro had definitely seen it. His face was even redder than it had been, which was honestly kind of impressive. "Is there, uh. A reason you packed those?"

"No! No, I didn't pack them! Pidge just. It's a joke. Pidge put them in there," Matt said, shaking his head so fast he almost cracked his neck.

Shiro breathed an audible sigh of relief, which was kind of a kick in the ego. The guy couldn't have sounded a little less relieved at the prospect of not sleeping with Matt? "Alright, okay. I think I'm gonna shower, it was a long flight."

"Yeah, man," Matt said. "Or, you know. We could get in that jacuzzi."

"Matt."

"I meant with our swim trunks on, obviously!" Matt started fishing through his suitcase to find his swim trunks, effectively scattering condoms into every little gap between articles of clothing. That was gonna be fun later on. "I just thought it'd be relaxing, you know?"

Shiro thought for a moment, and then started going through his own suitcase. "You know what, that's actually not a bad idea," he said.

"I mean, it's basically a mini hot tub," Matt said. A two-person hot tub, to be exact.

If this was an actual romantic getaway, they would've skipped the part where they both changed into swimsuits in separate rooms, Shiro in the bathroom and Matt in the bedroom, but this was a totally chill tropical vacay with his best bro, so Matt didn't want to see Shiro's junk. Except a small part of Matt always wanted to see Shiro's junk. It was the part that got

unreasonably jealous of the people who had been on the soccer team with Shiro in college, because locker rooms. Matt tried not to think about that too much.

He'd brought his absolute favorite swim trunks, the galaxy print ones with faces of kittens all over for no discernible reason, and when Shiro burst into laughter at the sight of him as he entered the bathroom, Matt knew he'd made the right choice. It was the first time that night that Shiro had looked truly relaxed, and as Matt cranked the water on and poked at Shiro for wearing super boring, plain black trunks, he felt like this vacation might actually work.

The tub was huge, sure, but it was also heart-shaped, which meant that if both of them sat with their backs in the curvy bits of the heart shape, their legs tangled in the middle. Matt was okay with it, and Shiro seemed to be, too, because come on, they had more physical contact than that on an average weekend studying. It was just the context, the fact that there was yet another vase of roses and a basket full of body oils and lotions and other various ingredients for a sensual massage on the bathroom counter.

And there was the way Shiro sighed as he sank down into the tub until only his head stuck out of the frothy water, obvious pleasure and relief in his voice. Matt stopped looking at Shiro's blissed-out expression and started trailing his fingers through the water bubbling out of the tub's jets instead. "So, tomorrow..."

"Yeah?"

"We have that massage thing?"

Honestly, when Matt looked at their itinerary, he immediately decided they were skipping the couple's massage. But Shiro seemed like he could really use a massage. And it wasn't like they were actually doing anything couple-y, they'd just be on separate massage tables, getting massaged by separate people, not even making eye contact.

"Did you still wanna go to that?" Shiro asked, cracking one eye open.

"Kinda? I mean, I never go get massages, and Lance keeps telling me I should, so I thought maybe I should try, but if you don't want to, I guess we could just say we slept in." Matt kinda didn't want to miss breakfast, but he supposed that a newlywed couple sleeping in the morning after their first night together wasn't too weird.

Shiro shrugged, Matt could just barely see his shoulders break the surface of the water. "I could use a massage," he said, confirming Matt's suspicions. "Besides, we're just gonna be in the same room. And we kind of accepted the fact that we're gonna have to act a little bit more like we're together while we're on this trip."

"I'd say it's more than 'a little bit'," Matt said. "How do you feel about kissing me in front of strangers?"

"Oh my god," Shiro said, a wet hand pushing through his hair. "Do you really think we're gonna convince anybody? I mean, you're a good actor, but there's no way we can make a first kiss look like something we've been doing long enough to be *married*."

"Maybe we're just a couple that's very awkward in public," Matt said. "Maybe we couldn't do a lot of PDA in our hometown because like, they're homophobic or something. What's our backstory? What's our lore, Shiro?"

Shiro thought for a moment, or maybe he just laughed behind his hand. "Okay, so we met in high school."

"This is a true fact, Shiro."

"We became best friends right away, but it wasn't until college that we started dating. And we decided we couldn't get married until we finished undergrad—honestly, we were gonna wait until you finished grad school, but we just couldn't wait, so we had a quiet little wedding with just family and friends, and the trip is our big thing." He narrated it as though he was talking to an invisible person somewhere in the middle distance, like he was rehearsing. Except it also sounded like he'd rehearsed a couple of times before.

"When did you come up with all this shit?" Matt asked, his eyes wide.

"I was thinking about it on the plane," Shiro said with a shrug. "Figured we'd have to have a cover story."

"You're a genius," Matt said.

Shiro grinned back at him, wide enough that his dimples showed. He looked gorgeous. And kind of blurry. Matt had taken his glasses off so that the hot water didn't fog them over. "Well, I'm just hoping it'll work. And... about the kissing thing..."

"We don't actually have to kiss in front of strangers," Matt said, "I'm sure we'll be plenty convincing if we just walk around holding hands."

"Well, I was just gonna say... you know, if you're cool with it, we could like. Try now. So we can figure out if it'll work, or—you know what, forget it, that's stupid."

"Try it? Like, try kissing?"

"I... I guess?"

Shiro's face was bright red again, and Matt was pretty sure it wasn't because of the steam. He couldn't say much, considering he matched. "Yeah, okay, we could try it."

They were close enough in the tub that Shiro could just lean over, his left elbow braced on the edge of the tub between them, so that he could hold onto Matt's shoulder to keep him steady. Shiro didn't tilt his head enough, so Matt had to compensate, his chin jutting forward to breach the distance between them. It was just soft, experimental, the kind of thing that definitely wouldn't have passed as married couple behavior. But the second was more confident, the hand on Matt's shoulder sliding up to grasp the back of his neck as Shiro kissed him again.

After that, Shiro leaned back, but Matt lingered awkwardly, his eyes still half-closed like he was waiting for a third kiss that obviously wasn't gonna

come, because this wasn't... real. He shrank back as soon as he realized his mistake, sinking below the water so that only his nose up was visible.

"So, um," Shiro said, and Matt just blew out a stream of bubbles. It got Shiro to laugh, and even if it was nervous laughter, Matt was satisfied.

"I think we'll be good," Matt said, before ducking under the water for a second, because half his hair being wet was weird. He scraped his dripping bangs out of his forehead, and Shiro tapped his fingers against the edge of the tub, looking out the window that was conveniently situated right next to it. There was no light to see the ocean by, not with the new moon above them, so he couldn't possibly be looking at anything.

Both of them were wearing "wedding bands," cheap sterling silver rings they'd ordered online and didn't intend to wear again after this vacation. Matt's was slightly too big but not big enough to slip off, and he figured it made sense for it not to be correctly sized, considering they were supposed to have exchanged them yesterday. It did mean Matt was constantly fidgeting with it, though.

"I'm gonna head to bed," Shiro said, standing up, his swim trunks dripping into the tub and then onto the bath mat. Shiro snatched up a towel and patted his face off with it before slinging it over his shoulders. "You take your time, okay?"

"Yeah, man."

Matt stayed in the tub a little longer than necessary, just so that when he finally made his way to bed, Shiro was already fast asleep. The rose petals that had been adorning their bed were scattered on the floor where Shiro had brushed them from the duvet, and Matt thought about how if they were really a couple on their honeymoon, the petals would be covering the ground because of their haste to climb into bed together.

Then he immediately stopped thinking about pushing Shiro down onto this giant bed and straddling him, both of them half-clothed and sweaty, because Shiro was sleeping a couple feet away from him. And sure, Shiro was a deep sleeper, but Matt definitely wasn't risking jerking off in the same bed.

He rolled so he wasn't facing Shiro, and tried to pretend he was at home in his own room, and there was a wall between him and Shiro's snoring.

Just like normal.

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Matt woke up to something definitely not normal. He knew Shiro rolled around in his sleep, he'd seen the guy's bed after he woke up, blankets everywhere, fitted sheet only half stretched over the mattress. He was not, however, expecting Shiro to roll onto his side of the bed.

See, Matt knew *he* hadn't moved. He was still as close to the edge as he could comfortably sleep, but rather than being all the way over on the other side of the *giant fucking bed*, Shiro was curled around Matt, his arm slung over Matt's waist, his face buried in Matt's shoulder. The morning was hot and when Matt squirmed, they stuck together with sweat despite the duvet being relatively light and the air conditioning in the resort being cranked on all the time.

Shiro moved as soon as Matt did, not to wake up and get the fuck away, but to hold Matt closer, mumbling something sleepy and unintelligible into Matt's neck. The surrounding skin burst into goosebumps at the tickle of Shiro's lips against his neck, and Matt seriously regretted going to bed shirtless, because Shiro had also made that choice, and now his naked chest was pressed to Matt's naked back. Shiro's ankles were tangled with Matt's, too, and Matt tried not to think about the fact that Shiro's dick was within inches of his ass. They were spooning. There was no other way to describe it, Shiro was sleep-spooning him and the ring on his finger was glimmering in the morning light and this would have been a perfect way to wake up if Matt actually had just married Shiro.

Except this was reality, and Shiro was starting to wake up, probably because he could feel Matt's heartbeat thundering loud enough to wake the dead. Shiro blinked and squinted at him, and Matt squinted back, because his glasses were resting on the nightstand. "...Matt?" Shiro said, his voice hoarse from sleep, and oh god, no man should be allowed to sound like that.

"G'morning, honeybuns," Matt said. Deflect with humor. That was the Holt way. "You sleep well?"

"Uh. Yeah... sorry about the, um. I guess I'm just used to—I mean, the last time I shared a bed with somebody was, you know, Adam."

"Dude, I'm not gonna complain about cuddling," Matt said, "you know me, if I go too long without physical contact I turn into a puddle. Kinda wish it wasn't so hot, though. God, I'm sweaty."

"Mm-hm. I'm gonna go shower before breakfast," Shiro said, sorting through his suitcase for something to wear. Matt didn't stare at his ass. No siree.

"Cool. I'm just gonna. Just wake me up when it's breakfast time, yeah?"

"I'll wake you up five minutes 'til," Shiro said, "you've gotta put some pants on for breakfast."

"Do I, though? Do I really?"

The bathroom door shut with a click that sounded like a resounding 'yes, Matt.'

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If there was one good thing Matt could say about this place, it was that the food was *amazing*. He went for seconds at breakfast and he would've gone for thirds if he didn't think that would be frowned upon. They also had a couple of drinks per day included in their package, and so Matt discovered this place had amazing mimosas, too.

Shiro also ordered a mimosa, or rather, Matt convinced him to order a mimosa with his glowing review of his own drink, and he seemed a little more relaxed afterward. Shiro was probably still on edge from waking up spooning Matt, but his near-nonexistent alcohol tolerance was working for him today.

Matt figured Shiro might also be nervous because this place was brimming with honeymooning couples. If you weren't holding somebody's hand, Matt thought, you'd stick out like a sore thumb. And so, since tipsy Shiro was more comfortable with Matt leaning into his side and putting an arm around him, both of them were, therefore, more comfortable blending in with their surroundings.

They had some time before their first scheduled activity, so Matt started giving nicknames to the other couples around the resort. Shiro laughed at all his ridiculous titles, and Matt realized they looked like any other couple in here, arms around each other, smiling and laughing at things nobody else would find funny. And then Shiro leaned in to kiss him on the cheek, and Matt froze like a person who was supposed to be Shiro's husband definitely should not have.

"Was that okay?" Shiro asked.

"It was fine, sweetpea," Matt replied, leaning over to peck him on the mouth, just once, quick enough that neither of them could let their nerves get the best of them.

And then he remembered that they were scheduled for that whole couple's massage thing, and the nerves came right back.

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When they checked in at the reception desk at the spa, the receptionist offered them the choice of having a male or female masseuse. And then they stared at each other and said "uhhh" for a long enough moment that she offered to just choose for them. Thank god.

Honestly, Matt paid little attention to what either of their masseuses looked like, mostly because the girl on the left (they were both women) had told them to, quote, "undress to their comfort level" while they prepared all of the massage. Stuff. In the other room.

"What the hell is our comfort level?" Matt whisper-shouted to Shiro across the room.

Shiro gave him a panicked look Matt knew he was returning. "I don't know? We're supposed to be married! Wouldn't we be comfortable around each other... naked?"

Yep. They probably would be. Except that Matt was very not comfortable casually hanging out naked with Shiro. Not that he was gonna say that.

"Boxers?" Shiro suggested, "I mean, just because we'd be comfortable around each other... these are strangers, so it's not that weird?"

Matt heaved a very put-upon sigh. "I didn't wear underwear."

"Why didn't you—"

"I never wear underwear with these shorts!"

Shiro was stripping off his T-shirt, and Matt's brain sort of switched off. Okay, sure, he'd seen Shiro shirtless before. He'd seen Shiro shirtless last night, for fuck's sake. But now, Shiro was getting undressed in a room with low lighting and mood music playing, and Shiro was giving him a curious look and holy shit his direct attention was setting Matt on *fire*.

"So. Are you just leaving all your clothes on, or...?"

"No, asshole, I'm not doing that."

Matt pulled his own T-shirt off over his head as Shiro stepped out of his shorts, leaving him in his boxers, and Matt once again forgot how to function.

This was going to be a challenging week.

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That evening, they hung out by the pool, which was surrounded by all of these little canopy things that had beach lounge chairs in them big enough to fit two people. It was a facsimile of privacy, but it sure seemed to give the couples in them the go-ahead to make out like nobody was watching.

And because there were no regular-ass chairs that were anywhere near each other and Matt didn't want to sit on the other side of the pool from Shiro, the two of them were sharing one of said lounge chairs, and Shiro's skin was even warmer than the tropical air, his arm around Matt comfortable and familiar as Matt texted Pidge vacation updates. This kind of thing felt more normal; Matt squished himself in next to Shiro on the armchair in their living room at least once a week when they had too many people over and there weren't enough seats. Matt had always been a tactile person, and even though Shiro didn't come off that way, Matt knew for a fact that he was secretly a cuddler.

Plus, Matt had a big-ass tropical drink in his hand, which made everything better.

And the people-watching was just starting to get good, too. "Hey," Matt said, nudging Shiro in the side, "check it out. Becky with the bad hair and that guy who looks like a reality TV star from 2004 are gonna try and have a Bachelor in Paradise moment in the pool, here."

'Becky' was sitting on the edge of the pool, and her husband (because there were very few people in this place who weren't on a honeymoon and they were the resort staff) was standing between her legs, hands on her knees as he pressed their foreheads together, clearly whispering something.

"What do you think he's saying?" Shiro asked.

Matt spoke in his best dude-bro voice, the kind of thing that belonged to a late-night DJ nobody wanted to listen to. *"Becky, babe, I just want you to know that I... love... your boobs. A lot. Even if they're fake, they're real—"* and here, he added in his best attempt at sounding choked up, *"they're real... to me."*

"Oh Chad, nobody's ever said that to me," Shiro enthused, swooning back as much as somebody could swoon while sitting in a chair, his hand over his heart.

"Dude, why does your Becky voice sound like your 'I'm imitating Allura' voice?"

"I decided Becky's British," Shiro said, which Matt couldn't technically deny, considering he'd never heard her speak.

"I imagine her as more of a valley girl. Can we at least agree that her extensions are terrible?" Matt took another sip of his drink, which was getting less pleasant as he got toward the bottom and the ice started melting into it.

"I don't know much about hair, but they seem pretty bad," Shiro said.

There was a noise that sounded distinctly like a moan from the half-tent-thingy to their left. "Shit, man, did I miss some part in the pool rules where it says you legally have to make out in or around the pool?" Matt asked, squirming a little because that was just the first of many such noises.

"Yeah, it was right after 'no lifeguard on duty'," Shiro joked.

Matt leaned in just a few inches, arguably because he had to in order to set his mostly-empty drink on the side table next to their chair. "Well, I guess we gotta follow the rules," he said, and it came with enough eyebrow-waggling and sarcastic inflection that it was absolutely a joke.

Shiro could have just laughed it off and pulled on Matt's ponytail or whatever else he wanted to do just to aggravate him. But instead, he leaned in too, one hand on Matt's chin, tipping his face up. Shiro kissed him with more confidence than he had the night before in the tub, and sure, Matt's knuckles were white where he was grabbing Shiro's shirt, but he wasn't panicking. It was just for fun, for the next bit of the joke, it was just to show up all the obnoxious straight couples here, it was just Shiro's tongue against his lower lip, it was just Shiro's breath in his mouth, it was just the best kiss he'd ever had.

They didn't talk about it afterward.

They went back to their room when the noises from Makeout Central got too loud, and took turns bathing this time, because at some point, you did have to take all your clothes off and actually get clean. Not to mention, Matt was going on two days without washing his hair, and it was starting to get

greasy at his forehead and temples. Matt brought his own shampoo with him, because he wasn't an idiot and he knew hotels only gave you those teeny bottles and he had way too much hair for that. The familiar scent let him suspend reality for a minute—if he closed his eyes, he could imagine he was back home, except with way better water pressure in his shower.

And he could stop thinking about how Shiro's mouth felt on his.

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The next morning, Matt woke up way earlier than he technically had to in order to make it to breakfast on time. He was overheated and sweaty, and as he came to, he realized it was because Shiro had, once again, made his way over to Matt's side of the bed. Matt had worn a shirt to bed this time, but Shiro hadn't bothered, and he was radiating heat. Matt probably would've been warm even if Shiro wasn't a human furnace, because Shiro was wrapped around him like an octopus, pressed against him at every possible point of contact. His arm was over Matt's again, but instead of the few inches' distance between their torsos and legs, Shiro had a thigh between Matt's, and his hips were pressed against Matt, and that meant, of course, that his dick was wedged firmly against Matt's ass.

It sent Matt into a spiral that was half panic, half thirst. Because Shiro was definitely hard, and even though Matt tried not to move, he still shifted a bit, and it was enough to encourage Shiro to rub against him in his sleep. Matt didn't think he'd ever gotten this hard this fast before.

He breathed deep once, twice, and tried his best to talk himself down. Shiro was asleep, first of all. He wasn't aware of what he was doing. If he was awake, he sure as hell wouldn't have been grinding against Matt's ass *again*. Oh fuck, Matt needed to figure out how to extract himself from this situation and go straight to the bathroom and jerk off for a solid hour.

Shiro made a soft, sleepy noise into Matt's neck, maybe something that was half a word, but Shiro's mouth was smushed into Matt's skin. Shit, Shiro probably thought Matt was Adam or something. The last time he'd shared a bed with someone on the reg, it was with someone he could probably wake up with morning sex whenever he wanted, and even though morning sex

sounded really good right about now, Matt was distracted by the fact that he was still definitely not Shiro's boyfriend.

Shiro mumbled another non-word, and then un-stuck his mouth from Matt's skin, so that Matt could hear him loud and clear. Well. More like quiet and sleepy, but still.

"Matt..."

Oh shit, he was awake. Or was he? Because awake Shiro definitely wouldn't still be humping Matt's ass, and asleep Shiro seemed to still be very engaged in that activity, if how close Matt was to spontaneously combusting was any indication.

"Shiro?" Matt asked, holding his breath as he waited for any kind of response.

Shiro just settled back into the bedsheets, giving Matt a little bit of breathing room, and Matt wasn't sure if he appreciated that or not. After a few moments Shiro was snoring again. He'd been asleep the whole time. Which meant he might have been dreaming about Matt, if the saying his name in his sleep was any indication. And he might have been having a sexy dream about Matt, if the fact that they'd just made it to second base was any indication.

Now that Matt was no longer trapped in Shiro's vice grip, he could sneak out of bed and into the shower. Matt's morning plans had drastically changed, and now they were as follows:

One: Jerk off for approximately an hour.

Two: Try to figure out if there's a way to ask Shiro if he was having wet dreams about him.

Three: Forget two, that's impossible, get breakfast.

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"So, did you sleep alright?" Matt asked Shiro while they sat pressed together on the shuttle ride to the beach where they were going snorkeling. The bus had come from the resort, so, naturally, it was full of other honeymooners, and Matt was going to gag if he had to see that girl who thought a bikini top counted as a shirt make out with that dude who thought a tank top was still a tank top even if you cut the sides off. On second thought, they were kinda perfect for each other.

So he decided to distract himself. With the worst possible question he could have asked Shiro, because on the off chance that Shiro remembered the sleep-humping, this was gonna be a really awkward thirty-minute bus ride.

"Yeah, way better than last night," Shiro said. "I woke up and you weren't in bed, though...?"

"Oh yeah. Woke up early. Decided to shower." It was probably the shortest series of sentences he'd ever said to Shiro, and therefore sounded extremely suspect, but Shiro was a trusting kind of guy, and took things Matt said for what they were, which Matt appreciated.

Shiro took his hand, even though nobody in the rest of the shuttle was paying attention to them. Most everyone was quiet, probably because it was ten in the morning, which was kind of early if you've been up all night banging on every surface of your hotel room. Matt had not been doing that, so he was pretty well-rested, himself.

"I didn't like, roll on top of you again, did I?" Shiro asked.

Of course he'd hit the nail right on the head, perceptive bastard. "Nah, nothing like that," Matt said, nudging his knee against Shiro's. "I just got overheated and stuff and decided to cool off in the shower." Okay, now it definitely sounded like he'd gotten in the shower to jerk off. Which he had. He'd come twice, then actually washed his hair and shit, then thought about Shiro too much while he was washing his hair and shit, and got off again.

Matt leaned his head on Shiro's shoulder and tried to occupy himself with watching the tropical landscape scrolling by outside, and literally anything that wasn't thinking about waking up with all of Shiro's six and a half feet

of hard muscle pressed against him. What would have happen if he'd gone with it, ground back into Shiro's thrusts, let whatever was gonna happen, happen?

Okay, this was exactly what he was supposed to not be thinking about for the express purpose of not getting a hard-on that would be very obvious in his swim trunks, while using the guy he was lusting over as a pillow.

Yeah. Definitely a bad idea.

Thank god they were doing something that was enough of a distraction that Matt could stop thinking about his precise mathematical estimates re: how big Shiro's dick was. Listen. This was the shit he was here for. Matt really fucking wanted to go snorkeling, enjoy the crystal clear water, see all the fishes and stuff. He'd had a phase when he was eight where he really wanted to be a marine biologist, before he figured out that physics were more his thing, and a part of that still stuck around in his brain. As such, he was pretty much coming out of his skin as their guide explained the process, and how they were supposed to stay together and shit. Matt didn't care. Matt wanted to see a whole bunch of clownfish. He bought a waterproof camera just for this.

After their snorkeling excursion was over, Matt still felt like he was coming out of his skin. But this time, it was because he was slowly coming to the realization that he had been too busy thinking about Shiro's dick that morning, and he hadn't put on sunscreen. Fuck. Could your skin melt off? Matt thought his skin might be melting off.

Shiro, because he was an angel, went down to the front desk to ask if they had any aloe lotion, and the front desk, because they were at a tropical resort frequented by a bunch of white people, did. Shiro announced this gleefully as he burst into their hotel room to find Matt sprawled facedown on the bed, because of course, his back was where most of the sunburn was located. You know, because of the crystal clear water that let the sun shine directly on Matt's unsuspecting body.

"Oh my god. I think the backs of my *knees* are sunburnt," Matt complained. He felt Shiro settle into the bed next to him, and craned his neck to find

Shiro giving him a sympathetic look.

“I’m sorry, man. You want help putting this on?”

“Can I fight the sun?” Matt asked, which Shiro seemed to take as a yes. He poured a generous amount of the lotion into his hands and started on Matt’s back, trying his best to be gentle and not disturb the burns.

“I think this proves that you’d lose that fight,” Shiro said. He continued down Matt’s back, and god, that stuff was a blessing as far as instant relief went. He might have made a sound. Shiro might have paused when Matt made a sound. But that was all a series of things that Matt wasn’t sure had actually happened, and so Shiro picked back up without comment, and Matt willfully clamped his mouth shut for the rest of the experience.

After a few minutes, Matt was covered in aloe gel from his calves to his shoulders—with a detour around his thighs and ass because, thankfully, he’d decided not to be obnoxious and wear that speedo he bought one time for a Halloween costume. He couldn’t even remember what the costume was, now.

“I feel like a slug,” he announced. “I’m all slimy.”

“Cute,” Shiro replied from the bathroom, where he was rinsing all the excess aloe gel off his hands. “So, you wanna order room service for dinner?”

Matt wiggled around in a way that he thought best expressed his excitement, considering his limited mobility. “Hell yesssss.”

“What do you want?” Shiro asked, flipping through the menu that had been in the drawer in their bedside table.

“Something fancy. Uhh. Lobster.”

“Matt, no, that’s cannibalism.”

“Fuck you, I’m not a lobster, I just look like one!” Matt chucked a pillow at Shiro and immediately regretted it because moving his shoulders hurt.

“Okay, I give up, get me a cheeseburger. I don’t even like lobster.”

Shiro laughed and then picked up the phone, dialing down to the front desk to order. Matt sort of drifted off between that and the food actually arriving, because they’d been snorkeling all day long, and that much swimming took a lot more energy than it seemed like it would. Now that the sun was starting to set, Matt might’ve actually been able to do something outside without continuing to roast in the sunlight, but he didn’t think he could move.

It was only when the door opened that Matt realized that maybe lying sprawled out in bed wearing only his boxers was a little inappropriate for company. Especially when said company knew they were supposed to be on their honeymoon, and Matt’s hair had just happened to dry in Maximum Sex Hair form. It wasn’t because of any sex. Matt’s hair was just a mess like that.

Thank god Shiro was clothed, so he could grab the food like a normal person.

“I’m going to die,” Matt proclaimed, as he dragged himself into a sitting position. He decided he was giving up and taking a bunch of painkillers before this drove him absolutely insane.

“Make sure you drink a bunch of water,” Shiro said, “sunburn dehydrates you.”

Matt was going to reply that his thirstiness in general dehydrated him, but thankfully he was distracted by fries and didn’t say something stupid. His mom may have raised a gay disaster, but she didn’t raise somebody who talked with their mouth full.

They ate in bed, and Matt actually managed not to spill anything on the sheets, although it probably wouldn’t have been a big deal, considering how diligently their sheets were changed every day. While they ate, Matt scrolled through his pictures of marine life, showing Shiro all the good ones, and Shiro was appropriately impressed with how well Matt’s

underwater camera had performed. It damn well should've, that thing was expensive as hell.

Shiro leaned in as they finished eating, and he put his arm around Matt's shoulders for one glorious second before Matt remembered ow, sunburn, and flinched hard enough that Shiro withdrew, apologizing profusely. He was so remorseful he actually took his arm off, or maybe that was just because he was done eating and it'd be more comfortable to not be wearing the prosthetic right now.

They turned a movie on because their room had a big-ass TV they hadn't used yet, and Matt leaned his head on Shiro's shoulder, because that was the only bit of him that wasn't sunburned, and it was so goddamn cozy, Matt didn't wake up until the credits rolled.

— — —

The next morning was different, in that Shiro wasn't on Matt's side of the bed. Actually, he was curled up around one of the giant fluffy pillows, hugging it to his chest like he was holding it specifically to keep himself from cuddling Matt in his sleep. Or, Shiro's subconscious had finally realized that the other occupant of his bed wasn't his boyfriend. Whatever it was, it meant Matt was free to get up, stretch, and—oh god his sunburn hurt. Fuck sunburn. Fuck the sun. Fuck whatever made Matt forget to put on sunscreen. Oh, wait, that was Shiro's dick. Fuck Shiro's dick. Wait.

Matt fiddled with the shower head until it was on the gentlest setting possible, and then took a lukewarm shower that was highly unpleasant, in which he didn't wash his back half, because every time anything touched his skin, it felt like it was on fire. While he tried to figure out a way to dry off without touching his back with a towel (letting himself air dry, it seemed, was the answer to that), Matt prayed to the vacation gods that Shiro would be awake and willing to put more aloe lotion on Matt's back when he woke up.

He was, and he had also put the aloe lotion in the mini-fridge the day before, and holy shit, this stuff was a thousand times better when it was cold. Matt made at least three uncomfortably pleased noises this time.

“So. I don’t think I’m gonna go on the nature hike thing today,” Matt said, after they made their way back from breakfast, during which Matt had sat on the very edge of his chair to keep his back from touching anything. He’d worn his loosest t-shirt and even that was too much contact, so he stripped it off as soon as they got back to the room.

“Yeah, I didn’t think you were,” Shiro said. “Do you wanna just hang out and watch movies again?”

“No, man, you go,” Matt said, “don’t skip the fun stuff just because I got my ass burnt and can’t come.”

“First of all,” Shiro said, “your ass is the only thing you didn’t get burnt. Second of all, the ‘fun stuff’ is hanging out with you, I mean, I’d rather watch movies on this giant TV laying in this giant bed with you than go hiking with a bunch of people I don’t know.”

Matt just kind of squinted at him, dropping his discarded shirt onto the floor. “C’mon man, it’s a tropical vacation, you’re telling me you don’t wanna do the tropical vacation stuff?”

“Of course I want to, but it’s not as fun without you.”

“Yeah, I mean, who’d make fun of Becky’s hair if I wasn’t around?”

“It’s not just that,” Shiro said, looking anywhere but at Matt. “You know, I didn’t wanna say this in the middle of things and ruin it, but...”

Matt’s heart stopped for a second. “What do you mean, ruin it?” He thought his voice sounded a little off. Maybe it was the knot in his throat.

“Matt.” Shiro was looking at him again, straight in the eyes, way too serious for what was supposed to be a fun guys’ trip. “You’re one of my best friends, and I love you, you know that, right?”

“Don’t let Keith hear you say that, he’ll be jealous.” Matt was pretty sure that came off less as a joke to ease tension, more as panicked subject-changing.

"Matt, I'm trying to..." Shiro sighed, frowning at him, and Matt immediately sobered.

"I feel the same way, too, you know that, right? There's nobody else I'd rather go on a fake honeymoon to Jamaica with."

"Thanks, Matt, but I..." there was a tinge of frustration to his voice. "About the fake honeymoon thing. I just... Listen. I know this might make the rest of our time here kind of weird, but you have to think, like, we're never going to see these people again, right?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Okay. I just. I don't think I can keep doing this fake relationship thing."

Matt could feel his heart pounding in his throat, and it must've been banging pretty hard against his vocal chords, because he sounded unusually shaky when he said, "um, okay. Is there—I mean—I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable."

"No, no, no, it's not you!" Shiro was practically tripping over himself trying to reassure Matt, even though Matt really didn't know how this could qualify as an "it's not you, it's me" kind of thing.

"No, yeah, I get it," Matt said, "it's cool. I mean, I probably won't be down for that much physical affection anyway, considering like... half of my skin is in constant pain? It's alright. I... it was pushing it, you know, all the fake married stuff."

"Pushing what?" Shiro asked, seeming even more thrown off now, like Matt was giving him mental whiplash. Probably because Matt had just half-admitted to having a crush on him.

"Uhh. Never mind. Don't think about it." Matt started pacing, because he wanted to walk away, but there wasn't anywhere to go except the bathroom, and that was kind of a weird segue.

Shiro crossed the room to meet him, grasping his wrist to pull him to a halt. "Matt, wait. I need to, I gotta tell you this, okay, and if I don't do it now I'm just gonna chicken out again and I'll never actually say anything, and. Oh god, I'm rambling so much." He let go of Matt's arm but it still hung in the air for a second, because Matt's brain was honestly having trouble catching up. Shiro took a breath before continuing. "This vacation has been awesome, seriously, I love spending time with you, but I just can't stop thinking... wishing it was real."

Matt's eyebrows rose until they were completely obscured by his bangs and he stared at Shiro, eyes wide. "Like... that we were together?"

Shiro sighed. "Yeah." His brows drew together, and he bit his lip for just a second, and Matt told himself that now was definitely not the time to get distracted by the shape of Shiro's mouth. "I swear this isn't me rebounding after Adam, I've felt this way for a long time, I just knew you didn't feel the same wa—"

"No you fucking didn't!" Matt lunged at him, pointing an accusing finger in his direction. "Dude! I wanted to ask you out since the tenth grade! I almost did! Second week of classes freshman year!"

"Wasn't that when me and Adam...?"

"Yeah, it *definitely was!*" Matt had had a whole thing planned, with a picnic and poetry and all that romantic shit, and then it rained, so he decided they'd have to do it the next day, and then the next day, Adam decided to ask Shiro on a coffee date right after their stupid eight in the morning psychology lecture.

"Oh." Shiro looked appropriately dumbstruck, and it was adorable. "I... wow. You actually...?"

"Really fucking want to make out with you all the time? Yeah, I actually!" Matt had the front of Shiro's shirt fisted in his hand somehow, and wow, maybe he needed to tone it down.

Shiro's face had gone bright red, though.

Maybe Matt needed to tone it *up*?

Yeah, what the hell, how could this get any weirder? Matt gripped Shiro's shirt tighter and pulled, meeting Shiro in a kiss that was a whole lot messier than the rest of them had been. At first, Shiro froze, but after a second, he responded enthusiastically, nearly biting Matt's lower lip in his eagerness, his hands going around Matt's back to hold him close, and—

"*Mother of FUCK*, that hurts!" Matt shouted, breaking free of Shiro's hold like he'd been burned, which, technically, he had been.

"Oh shit, I'm so sorry, I forgot about the sunburn," Shiro said, looking panicky enough that Matt had to stop grimacing in pain to kiss him again, because he figured that was a good way to placate somebody who was definitely gonna be his boyfriend by the end of this week. By the end of this day, even.

"It's fine, I'm fine, I just might need you to dump an entire bottle of aloe on me. Even though you did that before breakfast. Ow."

Shiro smiled, and pressed a soft kiss to Matt's forehead. "I think I can do that."

Matt sprawled out on the bed and Shiro sat next to him, closer than he had been that morning, his hands stroking over the back of Matt's neck, where his hair had mostly kept him from getting burned too badly. "So," Shiro said, as the cap on the bottle of aloe snapped open, "are we... um. Are we dating now?"

Matt laughed. "My mom's never gonna let me live it down if I go on a honeymoon and come back with a boyfriend."

"So... is that a no?"

"Oh, baby, of course it's not. I don't care if everybody I know teases me about this 'til the day I die, if it means I get to have you."

Shiro's careful hands smoothed a layer of cool gel over Matt's burning shoulders, and he hummed in a sort of way that made Matt think he was probably smiling. "Are you going to be this sappy all the time now?"

"Absolutely," Matt said, his voice muffled where his face was pressed against his arm. "You know me, man. You knew this was a risk when you took the job."

"I don't think this counts as a job."

"I'm just saying, if you're dating me, you're stuck listening to all my bad puns and romantic bullshit."

Shiro moved on to Matt's lower back, and he shivered, not just because the aloe was cool against his skin. He suddenly and vividly remembered that there were at least eighteen condoms in his suitcase. But if he could barely even hug Shiro, he sure as well wasn't gonna be able to fuck him, so the sexy bit was maybe gonna have to be delayed for a while. At least until Matt no longer felt like his skin was going to fall off if anybody touched it.

They ended up spending the rest of the afternoon watching dumb movies and cuddling, Matt laying on top of Shiro and Shiro petting his hair because rubbing his back might actually do Matt in. Matt sat up at least three times to pause the movie because he wanted to kiss Shiro, because he *could* kiss Shiro. A part of him was still in constant disbelief, like he was going to wake up at any minute.

It felt way too real to be a dream, though. No matter what they did, Shiro was still so... Shiro. This much physical affection may have been new, but it felt the same way Shiro touching him always had. Now, it was just more... unrestrained. Like Shiro had always wanted to hold his hand, but had settled for an arm around his shoulders instead, because that was the normal thing to do with your best friend. It reassured Matt more than any words could, that Shiro wanted this just as much as he did.

When they went to the restaurant in the resort for dinner, Matt was certain they looked even more like any other over-affectionate couple in here, cramming themselves onto the same side of a booth instead of sitting

opposite one another, sharing bites of their meals and catching themselves staring at each other wistfully every couple of minutes. Matt kissed Shiro even though both of their mouths kind of tasted like fish, and it didn't feel like they were just trying to show off to anybody else. Actually, Matt would've been perfectly happy if nobody else was in the entire restaurant.

After dinner, they went out to the pool, which wasn't as busy as it had been the previous days. Matt supposed if you went to the pool every night, it got less interesting after a while, but he was extremely thankful for the cold water on his sunburn, the evening sky dark enough that he wasn't in danger of getting burnt again.

Also, Shiro looked extremely good dripping wet in the light of the sunset, his hair slicked out of his face, water rolling in rivulets down his chest and his abs. Matt sort of wanted to lick it all off him. He also remembered that it was pool water, and that would be kind of gross, but that didn't stop him from *telling* Shiro he wanted to lick his abs.

Shiro went red, gripping the edge of the pool that he was leaning against, and the tension only made his muscles stand out more. "Are you for real?" he asked, with a look on his face that suggested he hadn't gone into this knowing Matt was the kind of person who would tell someone he wanted to lick their abs.

"Of course I'm for real," Matt said. "Hey. I know I was making fun of Becky and Chad for this yesterday, but... do you wanna make out in the pool?"

Shiro visibly swallowed, nodding rapidly instead of actually responding. It was super adorable—dorky, too, for sure, but Matt had never been on the receiving end of Shiro's disaster gay energy before, and it was endlessly charming. He leaned forward, one hand on the back of Shiro's neck to drag him down the couple of inches so that Matt could get at his mouth.

Shiro's hands rested on Matt's chest, probably to keep himself from touching Matt's back, but it still drove him crazy, just in a completely different way, because Shiro's hands were big and warm and as he spread his fingers, his left hand brushed against Matt's nipple, and *that* was, well.

That was a lot more than Matt expected it to be, if he was being completely honest. Normally, he wasn't very into that, but normally, he didn't have Shiro's mouth attached to his, so maybe normal was just out the window anyway.

Okay, so Matt was starting to learn some new things about Shiro, now that they were doing dating things instead of best friend things. First of all, Shiro was a fantastic kisser. Matt had always thought he had a nice mouth, but he liked to try to imagine that Shiro kissed like Matt's dog, just so he would stop thinking about making out with Shiro. And now he knew Shiro was about a thousand times better at kissing than Bae Bae, and therefore about a hundred times better than any other guy Matt had kissed, and Matt didn't know what to do with that information, except push Shiro against the wall of the pool and kiss him harder. In the water, it was easy for Shiro's hands to grip Matt's thighs and hoist him up a little, which gave Matt more leverage to tip Shiro's head back and take control of things.

It was almost like Shiro *wanted* Matt to take over. He sure did make some enthusiastic noises when Matt put his tongue in his mouth. It was encouraging enough for Matt to urge Shiro to drop him back down so Matt could kiss his neck, sucking hard enough to mark him up.

That must've been the right thing to do, because Matt could feel how hard Shiro was breathing, and Shiro didn't seem to notice that when he loosened his grip on Matt's thighs, his hands were kind of resting directly on Matt's ass. This was starting to turn into a little more than some casual smooching in a fancy hotel pool, okay. Matt was pressed close enough to Shiro to feel his dick in his swim trunks, slowly getting harder against Matt's navel.

When Matt finally detached his mouth from Shiro's person, both of them were out of breath, grasping at each other with a kind of desperation Matt hadn't realized had been there before this. He knew Shiro was the kind of person to want to take a guy on at least five dates before doing anything sexual, but now, Shiro was looking at Matt like he wanted to fucking eat him alive.

"Pidge dumped like. So many condoms in my luggage." Holy shit, Matt sounded like he'd just run a mile.

"Yeah? You wanna go make some balloon animals or something?" Shiro grinned as Matt shoved at him playfully, taking a step back so he could splash some water up onto Shiro's face.

"C'mon, man, is that your cute, funny way of saying 'Matt, you're not getting any tonight'?"

Shiro grasped both of his hands, and for a second, Matt thought he was doing it just to keep Matt from splashing him again. But then he stepped forward, bending to press his forehead against Matt's. "Hey. I'm just saying... I don't rush into this kind of thing."

"I know you don't," Matt said. *You agonized over your first time with Adam for like half a month*, he didn't say, because he was a considerate boyfriend like that. And also, Shiro was definitely remembering that if the look on his face was any indicator.

"It just feels... different, with you. Like I really want to get this right. I don't want to mess things up by rushing into them, but."

"But?"

"But I also don't want to stop."

Matt took a shaky breath, because the look in Shiro's eyes was unfamiliar and burning. Shiro *wanted* him. It couldn't have been clearer if it was written across his face in Sharpie.

Matt leaned in to kiss him again, and was stopped by the noise of the door to the pool deck sliding open and the laughter of at least three couples who'd all decided this would be a perfect moment to hang out at the pool. Even though the newcomers seemed to be too focused on their own conversation to notice whatever the hell Matt and Shiro were doing, Matt was pretty sure Shiro didn't want to have the *are we going to have sex tonight?* conversation in front of a half a dozen other people.

"Back to the room?" he asked, and Shiro nodded, following Matt up the steps and out of the pool, the two of them snagging towels and drying off as

fast as they possibly could before heading back into the resort.

The air conditioning, as always, was cranked on as high as possible in the lobby, and that, plus Matt's wet swim trunks, meant he had the boner situation under control as long as he didn't think about what Shiro's dick felt like through his boxers in the early hours of the mornings. The way Shiro folded his towel over his arms so it hung ever so inconspicuously over the lower half of his torso meant he wasn't keeping the boner situation under control so well. Matt was extremely flattered, and so, as soon as they got into the elevator, he pushed Shiro up against the far wall until his back was pressed against the mirrored surface and kissed him once, long and lingering.

Shiro froze in place, still awkwardly holding the towel between them. Matt leaned back, hands dragging over Shiro's biceps and his chest, where the cold air was giving him goosebumps. Or maybe that was Matt's doing. Nah. It was freezing.

"You doing okay, baby?" Matt asked. He sort of wanted to snatch that towel out of Shiro's hands and see what exactly was going on in his shorts.

"I'm... fine," Shiro said, voice strangled in the back of his throat. "It's just." He cleared his throat, but his voice still came out higher and squeaker than Matt thought it could go. "You're so fucking hot, okay, you're driving me crazy."

"Oh."

"Oh? That's all you're gonna—"

"Hold on, hold on, I'm getting over the part where the most attractive human being on the face of the planet just called me 'so fucking hot,' okay?" Matt knew he must have been blushing, because Shiro was giggling, and alright, that was adorable, but also, Matt needed him to step off, because he was experiencing kind of a crisis, here. "Shut up, man, you're like, an actual adonis, okay, give a guy a break!"

Matt was about to take the towel off of his shoulders and whip Shiro with it as hard as he could, but the elevator beeped to let them know they'd reached their destination and the doors rolled open, and so Matt took Shiro's hand and led him back to their room instead.

While they'd been gone, housekeeping had visited, and the bed was made to perfection, fresh sheets, the covers turned down invitingly. Matt's suitcase was kind of a mess, spilling out into a puddle of clothes he hadn't worn yet and shoes he kept stuffing back in there before realizing he needed them again. Other than that, the room was pristine, and the tropical flowers in the vase on the bedside table had been changed out for fresh blossoms, perfuming the air. Matt was still trying not to expect anything to happen tonight, but if it did, it was gonna be the fanciest first time he'd ever had.

When Shiro turned and looked at him, the desire was back in full, and it only took a step and a half for Shiro to reach Matt and to wrap him up in a long series of kisses, one hand wrapped around the back of his neck, the other resting on his lower back and drifting steadily down. Shiro kissed him like there had been no interruption at the pool, like they hadn't stopped to talk and Shiro had always intended to take Matt to bed with him tonight.

"Are we doing this?" Matt asked. Shiro had one thumb hooked in the waistband of Matt's swim trunks, which felt like a yes, but Matt wanted to hear it from his mouth, too.

"If you still want to," Shiro said. His lips brushed against Matt's with every word.

Matt to lean back so he didn't laugh straight in Shiro's face. "Of course I still want to." He rolled his hips harder against Shiro's, grinding against him, because he was hard enough to make a point, okay. "Does this feel like I don't want it?"

Shiro didn't respond with words so much as with an incomprehensible noise of pleasure, which was as much a go-ahead for them to dump their still-damp swim trunks on the floor and climb into bed as anything.

Shiro laid on his back and focused intensely on making sure Matt was in a comfortable position above him, saying something about not wanting him to have to stretch his back too much or something. Matt wasn't listening. He'd completely forgotten that anything hurt. Sunburn? What sunburn?

Listen. There were better things to focus on. Namely, Shiro. Naked Shiro. Matt didn't think anybody was supposed to look like a Roman statue without some serious photoshop, but Shiro looked like he'd been the model Michelangelo based David on. Except the dick, which was much more proportional. Matt couldn't name a time in his life he'd ever wanted to put anybody's dick in his mouth as much as he wanted to right now. He swallowed, had to, because his mouth was literally watering.

Was he this keyed up because of how frequently he'd fantasized about sucking Shiro off? Probably. There was also a series of too-vivid dreams Matt could remember that went all the way back to high school, and those didn't help.

He'd wanted this for so long, and now he had it right in front of him, ready and waiting. This was the *best*.

Shiro's abs flexed as he sat up halfway, and that was also a great visual, but when Matt finally managed to drag his gaze away from the goods, Shiro looked kind of... concerned.

"You okay?" he asked. "You sort of... froze for a bit, there."

"You're so hot I forgot how to move," Matt said, and Shiro laughed, shoving him in the shoulder the same way he did whenever Matt made any kind of bad joke. It made affection bubble in his chest, because Shiro was just as sweet and playful in this context as he was when they were just hanging out. Matt leaned in to kiss him, and Shiro rested both hands on Matt's hips, urging him to sit down more fully, straddling one of Shiro's thighs.

Matt ground down, his breath hitching once he got some friction against his cock, riding Shiro's thigh as their kisses got messier. Matt ran his fingers over the back of Shiro's cock, and Shiro bucked up into the touch, which

only served to press his thigh tighter against Matt's crotch. Matt wrapped his hand around Shiro's cock, stroking him once, slow.

Shiro got the idea and returned Matt's touches, his thumb rubbing at the place just below the head of Matt's cock that always made his brain feel like somebody lit off fireworks inside his skull.

"You know," Shiro said, "this is, uh. Bigger than I thought it'd be."

"What, you mean like, metaphorically, like this is a big step, or—oh. You're talking about my dick."

Shiro laughed, but he also squeezed Matt's dick, which nearly made him groan and swear through Shiro's, "yeah, Matt, I mean your dick."

"Shut up, I was the one who woke up with your morning wood against my ass, like, excuse me if I'm the only one who knows exactly how big your dick is!"

Shiro's hand stilled on him. "You what? I *what?*"

"Oh. Wow, you really were fast asleep, huh?" Matt would really have liked it if this conversation could end and they could go back to jerking each other off.

"Shit, no wonder that dream seemed so realistic."

"Oh? What were you dreaming about, big guy?" Matt stroked Shiro's cock again and it made him squirm under the attention. "I heard you saying my name."

"Was I?" Shiro's breathing was labored again and he ground back into Matt's touch.

"Okay, less 'saying,' more 'moaning'."

"Oh god." Shiro blushed all the way to his sternum. "Matt, I'm so sorry, I wasn't trying to be creepy or—"

Matt kissed him into silence and Shiro melted under him, dragging one hand through Matt's damp hair. "Shut up," Matt said, with far too much tenderness for the content of his sentence. "It wasn't creepy, okay, it was hot. I freaked out and jumped out of bed, sure, but then I jumped in the shower to jerk off for like an hour."

"You did?" Shiro's hands rested on his hips again, which Matt would have been fine with, except Shiro was supposed to be touching his dick and every second he wasn't was a tragedy.

"I came three times."

"Really? Just from that?"

"Just from that,' like you don't know how ridiculously sexy that was." Matt ground down against Shiro's thigh again and Shiro got the point, thank fuck, and got his hand back on Matt's dick. "What were you dreaming about?"

"Don't remember all the—ah!—details."

Matt discovered that squeezing Shiro's chest with one hand while he jerked him off in the other was a really good way of driving him crazy. "I think you do," Matt said, "I think you have as many dirty fantasies as I do. You know, everybody thinks you're perfectly innocent, vanilla as could be, but I know how much you like getting fucked until you cry." That knowledge was courtesy of a very drunk Shiro who was unusually open about his kinks. At the time, it made Matt want to cover his ears and scream, because Shiro had been dating Adam at the time and Matt really didn't want to think about them fucking. That much jealousy wasn't good for you.

Shiro still didn't answer, ducking his head to kiss Matt's neck, like he could distract him from his mission to get Shiro to describe his wet dreams. But, while Matt was usually the easiest person in the world to distract, he was currently very invested on the details of that dream. Matt stroked slowly up Shiro's cock and then removed his hand, laying it on Shiro's shoulder instead, refusing to touch him again until he spilled some of his fantasies.

"Shiro," he said, "tell me what you were dreaming about. I wanna know how you want to fuck me."

Shiro whined and squeezed Matt's thigh, taking a couple of seconds to murmur something unintelligible into his neck, which was probably a lot of cursing Matt's tenacity when it came to sexual fantasies. "I wasn't. I wasn't dreaming about fucking you." He took another shuddering breath as Matt brushed just his fingertips over Shiro's chest. "I was dreaming about you fucking me."

Oh. Well. That kind of made sense, given what Matt knew of Shiro's preferences. Up 'til now, he'd considered all his knowledge of Shiro's sex life to be Too Much Information, but now he was racking his brain for anything else drunk Shiro had told him about how he liked it. All he was coming up with was the fact that Adam apparently owned a ton of sex toys, which was entirely unhelpful and also, Adam was up there on the 'people Matt least wanted to think about right now' list.

"Baby, I'll do whatever you want," Matt said, although he wasn't sure the ache in his back would permit him to do anything that required much leverage. Sitting here on Shiro's lap was fine, leaning over Shiro to fuck him would be more of a challenge.

"Then touch me," Shiro said, "c'mon, put your hand back where it was, already."

"Thought you wanted me to fuck you," Matt said, obliging even though part of him wanted to know what Shiro would do if he didn't.

Shiro's face was buried in Matt's neck again, but Matt could still understand him as he mumbled, "don't wanna hurt your back."

"Shiro, I'm sure we can figure out a position—"

"And also, I'll come in like eight seconds if you fuck me."

Matt froze for a second before sinking entirely into Shiro's body, going nearly boneless, shifting up on his lap so he could rub his cock against

Shiro's, slow and lazy because Matt was using most of his energy to process the fact that Shiro wanted Matt to fuck him. Not only that, Shiro also thought Matt fucking him was gonna drive him *crazy*. Matt resolved to google how to get sunburn to heal better just so he could spend at least one day of this vacation pounding Shiro into the mattress.

Shiro gripped Matt's thighs, urging him to press against him harder, to move faster. "Matt, god. I might come in like eight seconds anyway."

"Can't possibly be that good," Matt said, even though he felt like his insides were on fire. He straddled Shiro with his legs spread so wide his hip cracked, but in that kind of pleasant way, like he'd needed a good stretch.

"*Matt*. Of course it is. Been thinking about this for ages." Shiro's sentences dropped in syllable count and he punctuated them with wet kisses along Matt's neck and collarbone. Matt decided he need Shiro's mouth back on his, right away.

He tipped Shiro's chin up to kiss him again with one hand, his other hand wedging between their stomachs so he could wrap his fist around Shiro's cock and his at once, grinding into the tight circle his hand made around them. The slide got smoother, wetter, as both of them leaked pre-come into Matt's hand, and Matt made a series of whines and moans into Shiro's mouth that would have been deeply embarrassing if anybody except for Shiro heard him.

Shiro just kissed every noise off Matt's lips until he got too overwhelmed to even kiss Matt anymore, and went back to burying his face in the crook of Matt's neck, his hands gripping Matt's thighs hard enough to bruise.

Matt knew this was gonna be more of a sprint than a marathon, just because he (and Shiro, apparently) had wanted this *so long*. Matt couldn't find the self-control to be patient and tease, to do anything other than get himself off as fast as physically possible. Still, Shiro was the first one to lose it, moaning Matt's name and following it up with something Matt couldn't hear over his own vicious swearing, because he was coming, and then Shiro was kissing him, and then both of them were sinking back into the bed together,

Shiro half-buried in the pile of pillows up by the headboard, Matt laying atop him. For a while, both of them just tried to remember how to breathe.

Matt swallowed, then made himself yawn, because he'd come so hard his ears popped. He couldn't remember the last time he'd done that to himself.

Shiro's fingers were skating over Matt's lower back, light enough that it didn't hurt, avoiding the place near his shoulders that was burnt the worst. Matt melted under the touch, laying his head on Shiro's chest because his pecs made awesome pillows. He was ignoring the part where there was a huge mess squished between them that was going to get crusty after too long. Right now, he just wanted those good post-coital cuddling endorphins, which seemed much more potent when he was with Shiro.

"That was so good," Shiro said, finally breaking the silence. His voice was lower and gravelier than normal, and it made Matt wonder what he'd sound like after he sucked somebody off. 'Somebody' being Matt, of course.

"Yeah, I'm told I'm alright at that," Matt laughed, and Shiro tugged on his ponytail.

"Shut up, you're amazing." Shiro kissed him on the crown of his head, the only place he could reach, but it was sweet. "Thought I was gonna have to spend this entire week thinking about how much I wanted you and not being able to do anything about it."

"Yeah, I kinda had a similar thought process."

"We're idiots."

Matt continued to laugh, imagining what all their friends were gonna say. "I can't believe it took going on a honeymoon to get us together."

"Yeah." Shiro's sigh sounded particularly dreamy, and Matt echoed the noise.

"Also can't believe we've still got half a week here to keep doing this."

"Oh, I'm all for skipping activities to have sex," Shiro said, "except the swimming with dolphins one. I wanna do that."

"Hell yeah. I want to try and form a magical bond with a dolphin and talk to it like I'm aquaman."

Shiro laughed. "Not exactly what I had in mind."

Both of them lapsed into silence for a moment, just holding each other, and Matt was pretty sure Shiro was about to fall asleep. And, well. That just wouldn't do.

"Hey," he said, poking Shiro back into consciousness. "You wanna go fuck in the jacuzzi?"

"Hm," Shiro said, and Matt thought Shiro was about to call him ridiculous and tell him that no, they were not by any means doing that. Instead, he just said, "you know what, sure. What the hell."

"I mean, it *is* our honeymoon, after all."

Author's Note:

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